

PS 3529
.R75 P4
1904

PETALS
of
LOVE
for
THEE

EDITH
HALL
ORTHWEIN



Class PS35.29
Book . R75P4
Copyright N^o 1909

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

Petals of Love
For Thee

by

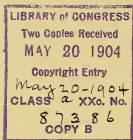
Edith Hall Orthwein

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

New York City Dodge Publishing Co.

Copyright, 1904, by Dodge Publishing Co.

PS 3529
.R75 P4
1904



Copyright, 1904
by Dodge Publishing Co.





Illustrations
from Water Color Sketches by
W. H. Cuthbertson







INSPIRATION

MY heart gave birth unto a thought
So rare and sweet to me,
I locked it from all curious eyes—
That none should ever see.

Enshrined and hidden with my prayers,
In secret place apart,
It bloomed and grew, this child of mine,
Whom I know—and my heart.



LIFE'S FRAGRANCE

MY flowers renew their sweetness
With dew at twilight hour ;
Their tears distil to perfume—
For me, a precious dower.
Then grief that's mine, be welcome;
For from my night may grow
A power to bring hope-fragrance
To one dear heart I know.

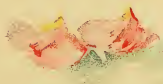


THE QUEST OF LIFE



IS all of life a passion and a show,
To fret the weary heart until the end ?
Alone, I listen for the answer low;
But will the answer ever come,
O Friend ?

Is love a bitter, poisoned fruit—a cheat
That draws our taste, then turns the sweet
to gall ?
Are never youthful hopes of love to meet
And bless old age—is blight the end of all ?





Far distant spirit, tell my aching heart
What means this pain—the tears now falling
fast,
The chill despairs that through my being dart
To freeze the pulsing blood that falters past?

Hush, heart! A strain of music tempts me on;
Along the borderland of sense I drift;
In soft and potent cadence comes a song,
And all my soul's despair doth freely lift.

A soldier, keen, alert, my duty done,
I march in vigor, full of youthful zeal,
Nor know the weight of knapsack or of gun,
Nor care whence comes my rest or noonday meal.

An angel choir takes up my low sad moan,
The stars join in and sing, with eyes all bright,
Joy-stars, so near to God's great spotless throne
They send to earth a chorus of delight.



L. of C



On wings of sound I visit palace homes,
And far o'er battle-fields of blood I see
The heavenly light. And thus my soul still
 roams,
And still life's mystery doth seek for me.





With drawn, thin face and bated, quickened
 breath,
 I wrestle for the angel's boon of grace.
Why should my hungry soul be starved to
 death?
 Has earth no joy, no peace, no resting-place?

Within my heart—I find Love's priceless pearl,
 Th' enduring Love, for which I long had
 prayed;
And now my bravest banner I unfurl,
 To conquer Fate with only Love for aid.



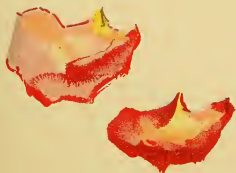


A quivering thrill, a pulsing leap of blood
That forces back on self with feelings dire;
And I the glorious whole of rapture reap
In one long bliss of Love's enduring fire.

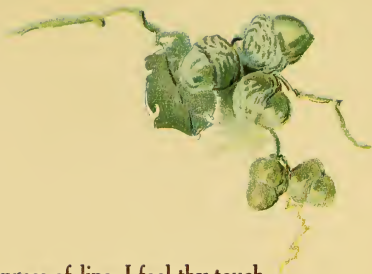


Love's voice within hath turned the bitter sweet,
And kept my reason over all enthroned.
Love comes: I rise, ah, humbly rise to greet,
And wonder that I ever alien roamed.

Love leads, and in his hand is gleaming clear
With ambient hope, one star to light the way;
Love guides, and I content will follow near
Through life and death, his all-illuminating ray!



THE HOLY KISS



THOU silent press of lips, I feel thy touch
Upon my forehead white. Thou
sacred joy,
Deep fraught with purest dreams of
love-respect;
Thou soft awakener to love's delight;
Sweet singer of its first-heard melody :

I yield myself to thoughts of thee, and gain,
By yielding a past bliss one moment mine—
A past deep thrill, a sylvan dream, a song
That opened life's true music to my soul.



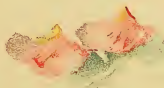
THE BROOK AND THE ROSE



LONG ago, a Rose to a Brook did say:
"Where do you wander, this summer
day?"

"Far, far below, where the daisies grow,
And the waves foam up as white as snow,"
Answered the Brook as it rushed on aglow.

"Why do you sigh?" again said the Flower.
"Because a sweetness comes from your bower
Like the dew of heaven on thirsty grass,
Making me sigh because I must pass
Your loveliness that o'erhangs the shore.
Thus I sigh and would fain linger by.—
For one kiss from your sweet blushing face, I
would die!"





LOVE'S WINE

MY heart is a vase with beauty carved
From the subtle hand of the artist
Life—

A treasure-gift, and all unmarred,
For my dear love in the midst of strife.

I am filling the vase with love's true wine;
Sorrow's the fragrant oil to bless,
Joy—the sparkle that makes divine,
And thus I gather the grapes to press.

From each experience here I find
Fruit that life's suns and rains have fed;
Each day but makes—for Fate is kind—
My wine of love a richer red.

Thus drop by drop, the nectar sweet
Quite fills my vase.—Drink, lover mine!
In every draught your own you greet:
My heart—the vase, my love—the wine.



A MINOR REFRAIN

WHEN your life is a song of sadness,
All in a minor key,
And you feel the stress of the hour
On your heart bear heavily,

And it seems as if the angels
Had forgot the stars to light,
To guide you through the forest
Of life in your darkest night:



Then the tiny seed remember
That lies in the earth alone,
With nothing gentle near it—
No song—just the earth's sad groan.

When the seed has learned the sorrows
The dear old earth must bear,
It will burst into glory of blossom
That Mother Earth wears in her hair.

DESTINY

"I AM lonely and sad," sighed a young
maple tree.

"Ah! why was I born—there is nothing
for me
But the wind, and the storm—'tis all misery."

Now Nature, fond Mother, did hear that
young sigh
And in strength brought by seasons did answer
the cry;
And, behold, quite forgot was the longing to die.

"I can sing, for I've strength, and can shelter
the weak;
Now I know God's wise, wonderful plan, I am
meek,
And a still deeper knowledge is all that I seek."



YEARNING



IN silence and with tears I seek your heart;
In noble thought my loving I would show;
All fond ambition mingles with one glow
Your life and mine: thus lives the better
part.

I climb the mountain, where the eagles dart,
And want you by my side—winged thoughts
to grow

Together, and to love's Elysium go,
Where none need ever die or ever part.
Love, take me in your arms, and make me feel
You see my faith and love in presence real—
I love! ah—let me love—in thought to be
Still creeping onward to your heart, my goal,
With patience that its greatness gives to me,
In hope one day to waken in your soul!





THE PANSY





A GOLDEN yellow, borrowed from
the sun;
A violet's purple kiss of color won;
Rich brown, bestowed where autumn
leaves caressed;
Love's whiteness, caught from a sweet maiden's
breast;
And over all the glow of heaven's blue—
And lo! the Flower of Thought is born for you.





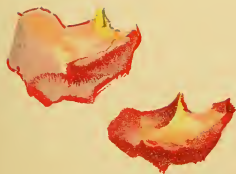
WITH THE ROSES

I'M going to bed with the roses,
And they will waft me away
On a pillow of magic perfume,
Till the morn of a sunshine day.



I'll wake from my tender dreaming,
 Enhaloed with brilliant light;
And I'll see my rose-leaf pillow
 Borne away in the arms of night.

I love the day's glad splendor—
 Sun-jewels that ravish the eyes—
But put me to sleep with the roses
 And the perfume that never dies.





YOUR kiss! an angel's touch upon my life
To lead my soul through God's dark
forest land;
His promise—of a home above, beyond
Life's shadow-way so full of blighted,
brown,
Sad leaves and dried, burnt blossoms dark with
sin.

A mother's peaceful prayer was hovering near,
When first your lips met mine; with breath of
love
I seemed to drink a long-forgotten joy,
Given to me again in that one kiss.





For with your kiss I entered Flora's land;
And there no passing bee could sip one drop
Of sweetest honey—mine was all—all mine;



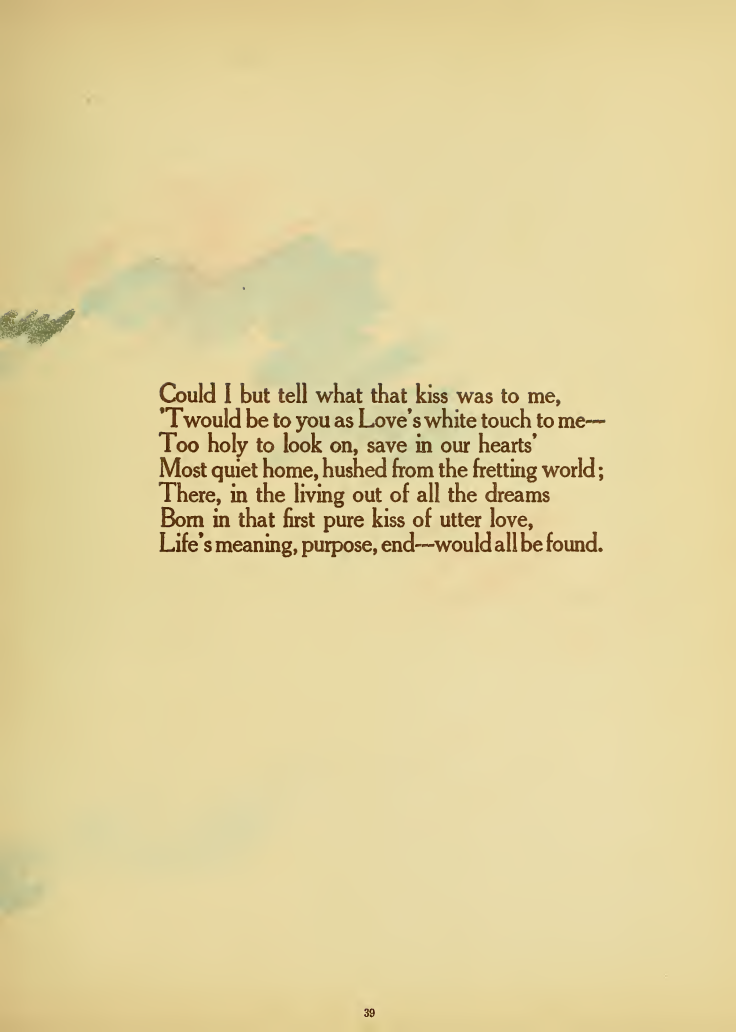
And there I sat me down to rest amid
The roses,---petals fraught with love to give,
And modest violets,---all rich with dew
Of love's new hope. Each smiled me welcome
there.



Soft grass, my couch—love-touch of Mother
Earth;
A creeping vine embraced me, and its leaves,
Fanning my temples, wafted all my soul
To raptured silence—with that one sweet kiss.

True friendship came to live with me that hour.
I felt it lift the latch and enter soft
Its home, my heart. 'Twas when your kiss
brought need
To me that friendship came; and as the oak—
That gathers strength from heat and cold of
years—
It grows into a joy in desert life
For you.—All this when my lips first clung to
yours,
As in that kiss they fain were clinging still!

Your kiss! the ripple of a wandering stream
That leads to dashing, seething, foaming sea,
With masterful, all-owning, conquering power!
Borne on its breast my soul, my brain, my heart,
My all--throbbed in one glad response; I grew
In living, panting life a part of it;
And, drunk with it, and reveling in each wave
That reached and held me in great, wondrous
arms,
Still yielding, in those under-deeps I found
A hall of pearl where I could dream and dream
For aye of your first kiss upon my life.

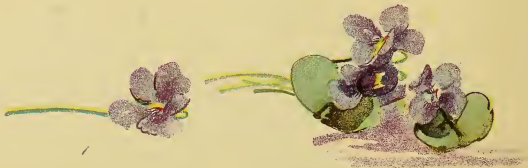


Could I but tell what that kiss was to me,
'T would be to you as Love's white touch to me—
Too holy to look on, save in our hearts'
Most quiet home, hushed from the fretting world;
There, in the living out of all the dreams
Born in that first pure kiss of utter love,
Life's meaning, purpose, end—would all be found.



A HOPE

BEAUTIFUL yellow rose,
You entice my thoughts away
With golden-tinted crown
Bestowed by the sun's bright ray.



In your sun-kissed heart I leave
A sweet lost hope of mine.
Rose, will you fold it away?
Give it perfume divine?
Some day I will ask it back,
When I have ceased from tears;
And the fragrance that you give
Will help me through the years.







TIS but a faded rosebud—
Yet means so much to me;
It speaks of bygone days,
And joys that could not be.

The perfume creeps unnoticed
And clings around my heart,
Until that faded rosebud
Is of myself a part.





I hide its leaves far from me,
But still it hovers near.
Must I be haunted ever
By hopes long past, though dear?





Is fate so harsh and cruel/
As aye to keep in sight
A memory that pains me
Like pathos of the night?

To make me love a rosebud
Whose vanished beauty stings;
Or cage a bird from freedom,
Yet shrink at song it sings?

Yet leave me not, dear rosebud!
I'm restless, know not why.
Keep thy perfume all round me,
Without thee I would die.



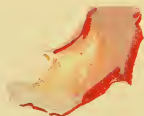
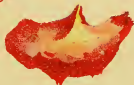


A QUESTION



A ROSEBUD opened her heart one day
To Love. He entered. The sweet,
pure Rose
Bloomed forth in pink and white
love-glows—
Gave all herself, and yielding chose
To strew her petals in his way—
Then Love passed on, nor cared to stay.

A Woman's heart will open wide
When once true love has entered there.
Why should it make her seem less fair
If she tell her love? real love is rare;
And yet, the Rosebud told—and died:
Must love forget, when satisfied?





THE TEAR-DROP

A TEAR-DROP fell on a white rose-leaf.
Where was it born---that thing of grief?
It came from the depth of a woman-soul,
When yearning and pain made known
their dole.

The dust of earth once blighted a rose.
Why did it happen? No one knows.
Can flowers escape the curse, tho' fair,
When hearts are broken everywhere?



THE MINISTRY OF LOVE

A H Love! thy touch is calm and peaceful now.
Thou callest forth the best God gives to man;
Thou sendest pulsing passion's healing fire
On through my weary being, till in one
Quick throb my soul's true other soul I meet,





At thy white feet, O Love, I kneel to pray.
Thy face but leads to Christ, the Holy One.
Thou art thus richly blest by His soft robes,
His trailing kingly garment passing near.
What can I sing, the humble one, who loves
And worships thee—thy Minnesinger true?



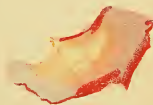


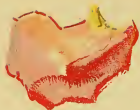
All Nature is a garland for thy head;
Thus noble is thy brow, beloved one;





Thus worthy singing, touch of Autumn's hand
And Summer's lifting mood to waft thy soul
To everlasting life; thou'rt one with God,
Never to know the quiv'ring tide of death.

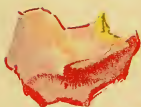




The silence of thy whispering is near;
I feel the quiet spreading of thy wings;
Within thy bosom star-ward I may go,
And in a hovering vision live again,
The fever of love's passion holding fast
My yielding clay. Thine eyes are master now,
Thine eyes, deep-soft, now big with power glow;
And at the altar of their truth I lay
All that I am; and in their shadow-depths,
Within the spirit of their vision wrapped,



With soft bared breast I lie within love's flames,
And they do not consume; but kiss my face,
My bosom's sun-tipped snow, my reaching lips.
O Love, full of the ripest seasoned bliss,
In adoration let my soul caress
Thine ev'ry part, and send thy light abroad
Through candles gleaming in heart-sanctuary,
Softly vibrating o'er life's clay benumbed
And waking souls to love's great harmony—
Set free to intertwine the whole as one.





AUTUMN LOVE



GAY Springtime loves the young and
shapely leaves,
That glow and glisten when he smiles
their way.





Their hearts a-flutter in responsive joy,
Until the forest seems one instrument,
Each string a-tremble with its own sweet song.
Glad Spring, thy buoyant hope hath magic charm,
Luring the playful tinted leaves to dance
And breathe their maiden joy in thy fond arms---
Forgetting life hath but one spring to live.



Now Summer comes, a wooer glory-clad—
His flaming girdle strewn with rubies dark,
And brow entwined with diamonded wreath,
His languorous feet in emerald sandals shod,
And robe of cloth-of-gold inwrought with pearls,
His leaping heart with passion dire athirst,
Bold Summer comes, and wins the Spring's love-
leaves.

His eyes aflame, and heated perfume breath
And pulsing blood quick heating through his
veins,

He flings himself upon the yielding leaves;
And passion burns and scars their tender life.





But passion Summer is a masquerade,
Though for one moment it transport a soul;
Love plays in life a higher, nobler part,
And ever leads to realms of ideal grace.



The Autumn splendor, that is love ideal,
Richer in blessing, blending all in one—
Life's shadows and life's fleeting, changing sun,
Until perfection's flower in fruit doth live.
Now Autumn walks into the forest green,
Beholds the leaves with modest, drooping heads;
Their shyness wins him, draws his footsteps near;
He kisses them and they blush crimson deep.
The master-thrill of love was in that kiss.
But Autumn, serious lover-soul, hath seen
The scar of Summer's passion-breathing there,
And search for ideal love for him is o'er.



He passes on, his heart's love-dream now gone.
With hope destroyed, what can remain for him
Save death? Priest Winter comes to close his
eyes,
Shrouding his grief with mercy of the snow.

Not as the searing flame of Summer's fire,
Comes love, whose glow of passion is soft hid—
The crimson heart of the great flower of life.
All unripe love, or love of passion born,
Will die, and dying, slay the thing it loves,
As Summer's passion the poor forest leaves,
Those fair enthalments of the youthful Spring.

Let me then live to be a perfect leaf,
For one to wear within his heart, my home;
Let me then dream of near soul-joy when love
Shall kiss my lips, his heart's ideal to claim.
Ah love! thou ripe and mellow touch of God,
That folds, protects and shepherds me from self—
Dear Autumn Love, thine arms can reach God's
heart!



MAY 20 1904

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 348 474 6

